THE PACIFIC

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OUR THOUGHTS OF HEAVEN.

Life changes all our thoughts of heaven;
At first we think of streets of gold,
Of gates of pearl and dazzling light,
Of shining wings and robes of white,
And things all strange to mortal sight.
But in the afterwards of years
  It is a more familiar place,
A home unhurt by sigh or tears,
  Where waiteth many a well-known face.
With passing months it comes more near,
It grows more real day by day.
Not strange or cold, but very dear—
  The glad home land, not far away,
Where none are sick or poor or lone,
The place where we shall find our own.
And as we think of all we knew
  Who there have met to part no more,
Our longing hearts desire home, too,
  With all the strife and longing o'er.

—Browning.

Pacific School of Religion Berkeley, Calif.

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THE PACIFIC

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THE JAPANESE SCHOOL CONTROVERSY.

An article by the Rev. C. R. Brown, the pastor of the First Congregational Church of Oakland, entitled "California and the Japanese," which appeared in The Congregationalist, of Boston, December 22, is receiving considerable criticism on the Pacific coast. Mr. Brown says, for instance, concerning the Japanese school question in San Francisco that "the best reason and the best conscience of the community approves strongly of the classification insisted upon by the school board."

This is inaccurate. There is a difference of opinion as to the fairness and wisdom of the ruling by the school board, and it is safe to say that as much of the best reason and the best conscience disapproves of the classification as approves of it.

Mr. Brown says in the first part of his article: "First of all there has been no exclusion whatever of the Japanese from the public schools. * * * The educational facilities provided for Japanese and Chinese in San Francisco have been in every respect equal to those offered the white children."

This is an unwarranted statement. One school for the Orientals in a great city like San Francisco cannot possibly meet the needs as the needs of the white children are met. The white children are not required to travel many miles to reach their school buildings; and some of the Orientals are so required under this ruling, there being but one school for them in the entire city. The action of the San Francisco school board amounted to practical exclusion; and it is best that there should be no tergiversation about it.

Mr. Brown's article is open to criticism further in that it states that there were ninety-three Japanese in one school in San Francisco, whereas there were only ninety-three in attendance at all the schools in the city; and these were so distributed as to give, with two exceptions, from one to six in twenty-three different schools. The exceptions were in the Pacific heights grammar school and in the Redding primary, the numbers there being nineteen and twenty-three respectively. More than half of the ninety-three were under fifteen years of age, and only twelve had reached the age of eighteen; two were twenty years old.

Distributed as these Japanese were it is impossible for the Pacific to see how they could in any way damage or endanger the white children. Mr. Brown, along with others, writes of what is called the physical and moral menace when the Japanese meet the children of the Aryan race in the intimacy of school life.

That there is any greater danger for our children than that to which they are subjected from association with the depraved and vile of their own race we do not believe.

All persons who are concerned about the purity and welfare of the young should read the article in the Ladies Home Journal for January, by Judge Lindsey, of the juvenile court of Denver. Mention is made there of one little girl who stated that at least fifteen boys in the school which she attended had made improper suggestions to her. The girl was of a good family, and had not done more than to laugh and jest with the boys when they talked to her in this manner. She said to Judge Lindsey that she could give the names of many other girls in the school to whom the boys said the same things, and who talked as she talked. In this girl's copy books were found written many pages of vile stuff concerning which her mother thought her ignorant.

Judge Lindsey says: "An officer once brought to me two school copy books containing some of the most improper literature that the fiendish mind of man could invent. It was discovered that one of the copy-books belonged to a thirteen-year old boy; the other to a girl of the same age. They were both children from good homes of the better class."

It was only a few days ago that a San Francisco paper contained an article from a woman who has been a missionary in Japan for many years in which was thrown down the gauntlet in the emphatic declaration that the morals of the Japanese young people were as good as the morals of the average young American. There is great need that the purity of the young be safe-guarded. But we have yet to see or hear of evidence to the effect that the children of San Francisco were endangered by the attendance in the public schools of that city of ninety-three Japanese.

As stated several weeks ago in these columns we can conceive of conditions in which segregation would be advisable; but that those conditions existed in San Francisco we do not believe. Some of our good people have allowed themselves to be led along by unreasonable clamor to a position which we believe to be inconsistent with their general attitude as Christians. Necessarily therefore, but unfortunately so, they are in alignment to some extent with that bitter element which will hearken not at all to reason on the general question of Japanese exclusion, and the mix-up is greatly to be regretted. The San Francisco Chronicle in its latest editorial speaks of "the spirit displayed by the crawling degenerates of the East who would endure anything from aliens able to buy calico rather than lose the sale of a yard of it." This abuse was drawn out by an editorial in the New York Tribune—a paper which is viewing the Japanese question in its great national and international relations. In general we have seen nothing in the Eastern papers to lead to the thought that the people of the East do not understand the conditions on the Pacific coast. But Mr. Brown, in his article, does not escape making the fling, so characteristic of some of our daily papers, that the East is ignorant as to this matter and that this is a question in which we of the coast have a little more interest than any one can have elsewhere. We do not think so. The question is a national one, and must be settled by the nation. In its settlement we of the Pacific coast may suffer more than people will suffer elsewhere, but that cannot take from the ques-

tion any of its national import. Neither as to this question nor as to the Negro problem do we believe with Mr. Brown that "it must be settled finally by those who wear the shoe which does the pinching." It must be settled even finally, if it ever is settled, by the whole people—by the nation. The Outlook lays emphasis in a recent issue on the following words from an address by Secretary Root before the Pennsylvania Society in New York: "If any state is maintaining laws which afford opportunity and authority for practices condemned by the public sense of the whole country, or laws which through the operation of our modern system of communication and business are injurious to the interests of the whole country, that state is violating the conditions upon which alone can its power be preserved."

Writing in the January number of the American Magazine on the Negro problem Dr. Washington Gladden says that the only right and proper thing is that the North and the South should take counsel together concerning this great problem. "It is a national problem. Neither section in dealing with it can ignore or disregard the thoughts and wishes of the other section." And this of course must be the attitude as to our Oriental problems or we shall lose soon all world-wide influence. Otherwise we shall be not a nation, but merely a confederation of states.

THE PACIFIC COAST IN BRIEF.

A Los Angeles paper figures that 11,000 buildings were constructed in that city during the year 1906 at a cost of $17,000,000.

Occidental College, Los Angeles, has fair promise of securing in a short time a gift of $100,000 for a new science hall and observatory. President Baer is expecting to get it in the East.

The housewives of British Columbia have so great difficulty in securing servants that they have begun an agitation for the removal of the $500 tax on each Chinaman entering the province.

The workingmen of the Pacific coast had more money to spend during the holiday season just passed than ever before, and it is said that they have more on deposit in the banks than heretofore.

The rain last week was without discrimination. It traveled from our Northern to our Southern border; and in promise of prosperity from the products of the soil in 1907 there is wide-spread rejoicing.

The Rev. Dr. William Horace Day of the First Congregational Church of Los Angeles spoke last Sunday morning on "The Investment of Self." That is a good subject to talk on in these times when the matter of investment in things material and earthly occupies so much attention. Dr. Day pointed out some fine investments for 1907.

Perhaps the most unique and significant Christmas festivities on the Pacific coast were those of Bethleham Institute, Los Angeles, where the celebration was by nations on different evenings. First came the Mexicans, next the Japanese, and next the Russians. A year ago, for the first time, the Russian children in the Institute made the acquaintance of Santa Claus.

A few days ago the San Francisco Chronicle asserted that the Japanese almost invariably ruined the houses occupied by them. On the contrary a prominent fruit grower in Southern California, who has more than fifty Japanese in his employ, says that they keep the apartments which are provided for them in far better condition than any of the white people in his employ have kept them.

Pomona College, at Claremont, California, had an attendance of 435 students last term. There were 266 in the college classes, 112 being freshmen. This was an increase of 50 per cent for the freshman class over the previous year. The total college increase was 25 per cent; the increase in all departments was 10 per cent. At the rate at which Pomona is growing it will not remain a small college very long.

The national pure food law is in operation now. Food shipped into California from other states has to be labeled. That produced within our borders does not need to bear the labels showing whether it is pure or adulterated. A state law is the next thing needed. It should be enacted at the earliest possible date. People should be allowed to know what they are buying and eating. The national law will force the enactment of a state law in all probability. Otherwise things shipped in will be more popular than those produced and put on the market here.

The editor of The Pacific made a brief visit to Southern California last week, mainly to talk a little concerning the paper with two laymen of that part of the state who have for many years shown large interest in all our denominational enterprises—Mr. N. W. Blanchard of Santa Paula and Mr. G. W. Marston of San Diego. Each regards The Pacific as indispensable in our coast work, and each sent the editor away glad that he had gone to consult with him. So brief and hurried was this trip south that only a few of the brethren were greeted; and these principally over the telephone.

The Rev. Dr. Barton of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions passed through San Francisco a few days ago on his way to Japan, China, and India. Like all others who had read about the great calamity of last April and afterward had viewed the city, Dr. Barton said that he had no adequate conception of the disaster. To see the city was to come to such a realization of the calamity as could not be arrived at from reading about it. Dr. Barton was impressed by the courage and cheer of the churches manifested in the reports which were given at the meeting of the San Francisco Association which he attended in part.

It is a great water-works' enterprise which Los Angeles is considering in the Owens river project. But Los Angeles is a great city—great in that to which she has already attained and great in her expectations. Twenty-four million dollars is a big sum to raise, but the indications are that the bonds will be voted; and not only this, but that they will be bought with Los Angeles capital. The Los Angeles banks are planning to take the bonds in five million dollar amounts. It is said that there are now on deposit in the banks of that city not less than $80,000,000, and that the bankers there can readily take care of the bonds in lots of $5,000,000 each as

the money may from time to time to needed. Great is Los Angeles! The present writer heard a real estate man say to a tourist the other day that Los Angeles would in a few years be the largest city in the state and would remain the largest, and the tourist, a substantial looking business man from Boston, believed it.

We Northern Californians thought for a while that we were going to get the Rev. W. N. Burr away from the Southern part of the state, but after flirting with us a little he has gone and united himself with the people of La Jolla in San Diego county. We extend all the congratulations that the disappointed can be expected to extend. But the editor of The Pacific does not forget that Mr. Burr has been his right hand man in Southern California for many years; that what he writes is always finely written from the literary standpoint; and the copy never needs editing, and it delights the heart of the linotype operator. Southern California, we're rather glad after all that you wouldn't let go your hold on him!

Robert Burdette, pastor of the Temple Baptist Church of Los Angeles, spoke last Sunday evening to a congregation of 2500 people, in the new auditorium, on "A New Year Rummage Sale." He catalogued in a humorous way many of the things which accumulate in the households of our land as the weeks and months go by, things which we think we will use again sometime, and so hoard carefully in closet and attic, and then showed how things trashy and cumbersome and even injurious get put away into our lives and characters—tempers and sulks and envies and grudges and feuds. A good assortment of these accumulations were put up at auction by the preacher, but without any bidders. Finally all were invited to bring their own to a big bonfire in the closing hours of the year and to start the new year unincumbered. In the course of his remarks Mr. Burdette spoke of the woman who sulks because no attention is paid to her when she goes to church, and she was depicted as keeping herself so remote and aloof that if any one wished to say "hello" to her at church it would have to be done over a telephone; and to speak to her—it would be necessary to do it by telegram. In his reference to the selfish man, Mr. Burdette said that he was born mean and began to root early. Life, he said, isn't long enough for hate. "One year is long enough for a feud; it is too long." Mention was made of some people who had built "spite fences" on their lots, and it was said that the shadows always fell on their own grounds—and on their own lives also. Speaking of "the simple life", Mr. Burdette said: "A great part of the life before you get to the simple life is the fighting life. Life is developed by struggle—and the Christian life is a hard fight."

The Rev. William Rader says in an editorial in the San Francisco Bulletin that our country is perilously prosperous. "Prosperity has made deep inroads upon the simple, honest life of the old-fashioned American people, and no doubt there is a corresponding loss of moral muscle and strong manhood." Further, Mr. Rader declares: "The future of our country is an open question. No man can tell what the future may be. The domestic problems which face us are even more significant than foreign relationships. The character of the American people has now and will have in the future a greater bearing on the destiny of the republic than any influence from without." After a statement as to the generally prosperous condition of the masses of the people in San Francisco, Mr. Rader says: "If any criticism should be made upon us as a city it is that our courage is misdirected. It does not attack the larger things of life. * * We have courage to make money, not morals." Then Mr. Rader lets his thought reach beyond the city and says: "Money-making in America cannot stand the white light of the highest business ideals. The practical life of the people is far below their ideals. Right here Mr. Rader hits the nail on the head. "The practical life of the people is far below their ideals!" That is so to a great extent in San Francisco; it is so widely throughout the land. At the time of the earthquake and the fire many careless, indifferent, irreligious people were inclined to regard the calamity as a visitation from God on account of the wickedness of the city. People in large numbers felt that they deserved it, whether they so regarded it or not. But today life goes on in San Francisco with the large majority of people as if those impressions never had been. An awakening is needed. How shall the awakening come?

"Veni, vidi, vici," is a familiar Latin sentence—meaning "I came, I saw, I conquered." According to a Los Angeles newspaper a prominent citizen of Seattle will have to change this a little and make the English read, "I came, I saw, I was conquered." If the influence of a brief visit in our South-land on a Seattleite on a return trip from the East, is to be taken as a sample, it is evident that Seattle will have to look to her laurels and keep her citizens at home as much as possible. This one who came and saw and was conquered is reported as saying: "I am a loyal Seattle man, but there are some things you have in Los Angeles that are better than anywhere else in the world. I expected to be at home long ago, and every day I feel that I ought to start, but I cannot tear myself away. I do not like the prospect of going North just yet." When the present writer was in Seattle a few weeks ago a resident of that city remarked to him that Washington had no great interest in California, that the interests of the people there were identified with those of the East rather than with those of California and always would be. The difficulty with the man was that he didn't know what California actually was; nor had he any other than a narrow vision of the future. When this man spoke as he did he had in mind religious interests especially, though his words covered all interests and were meant to be inclusive. We of the Pacific coast ought to be interested in the East, linked with it as we have been and are, but from our Northern to our Southern border there ought to be a closer interest. From the nature of things it is demanded, and in all men of real vision and earnest purpose it will be manifest. It is only a narrowness of view, or selfishness, that can give a Seattle man a more vital interest in and connection with the East, or some section of the East, than with California.

The Los Angeles Express declares that nothing less than the hanging of the Japanese by the toes would satisfy some of the anti-Japanese agitators in San Francisco. With a desire to ascertain the sentiment as to Japanese exclusion the secretary of the

Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association of Los Angeles has sent out a letter to the members of the Association. The secretary himself says: "We believe the gist of all of this agitation is to be found in the action of the labor union leaders at San Francisco, and that they are trying to involve the entire state in their own little controversy." And the secretary says further: "If the Japanese labor were cut off from Southern California many interests would suffer." In the days of the Sand Lot agitation Denis Kearney ended every one of his speeches with the words, "And whatever happens the Chinese must go." There are among us now persons who are saying practically, "Whatever happens the Japanese must go." No matter if local industries are greatly damaged, no matter if we do lose influence and trade in the Orient, no matter if we do transgress the laws of human brotherhood, "the Japanese must go!" But fortunately California is only a small part of this great nation, and fortunately also only a small part of our population has this deadly hostility to the Japanese. We have had some interest recently in a glance backward to the days of Kearneyism in California. Bryce, in "The American Commonwealth," says concerning Denis Kearney, out on the sand lot: "At first he had mostly vagabonds to listen to him, but one of the two great newspapers took him up. These two, the Chronicle and the Call, were in keen rivalry, and the former, seeing in this movement a chance of going ahead, filling its columns with sensational matter and increasing its sale among workingmen, went in hot and strong for the Sand Lot party. One of its reporters has been credited with dressing up Kearney's speeches into something approaching literary form, for the orator was a half educated man, with ideas chiefly gathered from the daily press." In one way and another Kearneyism became ere long quite an influence; and, says Bryce, "The Call had now followed the lead of the Chronicle, trying to outbid it for the support of the working man." We wondered when the representative of one of the leading daily papers of San Francisco called the other day, with the offer of various trinkets as an inducement to subscribe, to what length San Francisco dailies will go at this time when Japanese exclusion bids fair to become a burning question hereabouts. As a general thing nowadays daily papers do not try to mold public sentiment. They cater to it in that direction in which it is strongest. Daily papers are money making concerns, or are meant to be such. They want circulation, and trim their sails accordingly.

THE RELIGIOUS WORLD.

The Philadelphia Public Ledger condemns the parsimony of many men towards the church. Mention is made of one man with an income of $1,750 who spends $220 a year for cigars and amusements, and gives only $20 to the church.

"The Catholic Church and Higher Education" was the subject of a recent address in an Eastern city by J. J. Murphy, the editor of The Republic, a Roman Catholic paper. He is reported as saying: "In the world of finance we have not done as well as we might. In the world of thought and education we have added scarcely anything of value. It is unfortunate that so few Catholics have their names above the doors of our large mercantile establishments. But it is far worse that the history of thought and mental achievement should have been almost entirely uninfluenced by us. It is of vastly more importance to have men like Bishop Spalding, Dr. Shahan and Father Wynne than that we have multimillionaires. The latter as a rule leave a progeny devoted to automobiling and Monte Carlo. They are usually utterly spoiled. We Catholics should see that the desire for the higher education is cultivated. Our Catholic laity seem to care little for the higher side of life. Our magazines are written in great measure by priests and two of the most important of them are in charge of the clergy. There is no career in our Catholic colleges for a live, energetic man who has independence and a desire to get on. If it were not for the self-crucifying zeal of the religious orders our Catholic colleges could not exist. We Catholics need an awakening."

The Michigan Christian Advocate puts forth the following good thoughts on the subject of half fare railroad rates for ministers: "Recently there appeared again the timeworn criticism on the use of half-fare permits by clergymen. The statement was that the acceptance of a reduction in railroad fare compromises a minister's self-respect. But why a minister's and not the commercial traveler's who usually travels on two-thirds fare? Is the difference in mental attitude occasioned merely by paying a certain sum in advance? That the clergy permit is a courtesy is not denied. It is accepted as such, but it is by no means a philanthropy. The issue of these permits in the central Passenger Association during 1906 will run close to 30,000. For these one dollar each is charged. Assuming that on each permit an average of ten dollars' worth of tickets are bought—a very modest estimate—we have a total of $330,000. The actual sum probably exceeds $500,000. This is a figure held in no light estimation even by the railroads. Take away the permits and many of the trips would have to be omitted. The minister travels often on errands of mercy, or in a representative capacity though at his own charges. Double the fare he now pays and these visits would often be out of his reach. Useless is it to say the minister should receive adequate compenation for his service with a liberal allowance for errands of mercy. He has not been so dealt with in the past and probably will not be in the future. Let the minister use his permit not as the recipient of an alms, but, with the other members of his fraternity, feeling that he is paying a just return for the service rendered."

William T. Ellis, of the Philadelphia Press, writes from Japan that the newly awakened interest in the education of women affords the missionaries an opportunity for work which reaches far. "One reason why mission schools are so popular with the best Japanese families is that girls are considered safe there. This is far from being the case when the daughters are sent to some of the big schools in Tokio. Whatever the cost, however, many Japanese parents feel that their daughters must be educated, for only thus can they hope to obtain educated husbands. The mission schools, I have found, keep home life to the fore as the great goal of education. To that end they teach, in addition to the customary branches of higher education, domestic science, Japanese etiquette and the finishing touches that go to make up the accomplish-

ments of a native lady. It was noticeable, too, that these schools paid particular heed to the ventilation of sleeping apartments; the ordinary Japanese inn and home are open to every breeze that blows during the daytime, but at night they are made air-tight." It is said that the graduates of the mission schools are desired as wives, first of all by the Japanese preachers and Christians. An increasing number of educated men, not Christians, are selecting mission school wives, although the teachers rather discourage the girls from marrying any but Christian men. Mr. Ellis tells of the great service the missionaries were in the time of famine last year, and says that if anything was needed to strengthen the respect of the Japanese for the Christian religion it came in the famine relief work that was done by the missionaries. It was that committee of seven missionaries which "not only touched the heart of Christendom with Japan's plea, but even stirred the Japanese themselves, as the latter avow," the Japanese not being really awake to the seriousness of the situation until the missionaries began to act.

It is announced, says the Boston Transcript, that an effort will be made at the forthcoming general convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church to come to an understanding with the old Catholics concerning jurisdiction in this country. "The Episcopal Church contains a considerable element that professes abhorrence of what it technically calls 'altar against altar.' That is, there is the branch of the Holy Catholic Church in America, viz: the Anglican. There is the other branch, the Roman. Two are bad enough in the same field, assert this element, but the introduction of a third is to be prevented at all hazards. Some years ago a large number of Polish Catholics separated from the Roman communion and established headquarters in Chicago, with Bishop Kozlowsky at their head. There are congregations in many principal cities and they are growing in strength. Recently another former Roman Catholic element in this country has set up for itself. It is composed of the Bohemian and other Slavic peoples from southeastern Europe. What is called a National Catholic Diocese of America has been formed, and a former Roman Catholic priest has been consecrated bishop of it. Granting holy orders for these bishops, Polish and Slavic, is the Old Catholic Church, formed in Central Europe soon after papal infallibility was proclaimed at Rome. This Old Catholic Church has been exceedingly hospitable to Anglicans, and has frequently invited bishops both of England and America to sit in councils with its clergy. Strict Episcopalians in this country deprecate Old Catholic intervention here to the extent of setting up new dioceses for their foreign peoples, and assert that an understanding ought to be had, by which they are assimilated and recognized as a part of the Anglican communion, represented in America by the Episcopal Church. The matter was up in the last Episcopal General Convention and received some attention. Since then the situation has grown more grave by the increase of the Old Catholic activity and the larger numbers leaving the Roman communion after their arrival here."

Writing concerning the recently organized Presbyterian Brotherhood, the editor of the Westminister says: "One thing is plain. An annual convention of the volunteer, mass-meeting kind is impracticable. such a body will prove unwieldly and far too expensive. There were fifteen hundred attendants at Indianapolis. An estimate of individual expense caused by the convention, which would not otherwise have been incurred, is not wild if placed at ten dollars each on the average. That is fifteen thousand dollars. Probably no one will say the cost was too great. But suppose that sum could be contributed by an equal number of men to some of the agencies for the rescue of lost men—what then? Another thing seems clear. The union between men's clubs must be federative in character, and not centralized. A president and cabinet with inter-club powers and an executive secretary is wholly undesirable. Salvation, not monetization, must be the Brotherhood's cry. A hard-and-fast bond will be death. The levying of dues for centralization will be disaster. An attempt to unify and induce uniformity in method will be destruction. Still another thing seems clear. We all want something done, but do not know what it is. Ralph Connor came full of ideas of work and how to do it. He had a tremendous hold on the convention. As a correspondent has written us, "he has a grip of men that will last when ninety-five per cent of us men are forever forgotten." But Ralph Connor can do Ralph Connor things, and ninety-five per cent of us are not as he. With an eye for the needs of the plains, he sees what must be done and does it. But we are in the churches of the cities and prosperous towns, and our eyes see business mainly. Dr. Roberts spoke very entertainingly of Presbyterian accomplishment past, but gave no hint of what the new Brotherhood should do in the work of saving souls. Mr. Bryan gave an hour and a half of his unequaled oratory in an epitome of all the theological systems of the world, but set not one cog of his mental wheels moving toward a solution of the problem of work by men for men. The trouble lies in ignorance. If twenty men of a church should go to their pastor any day asking him for some definite work to do for souls, he would feel at the day's end that he had gone through the hardest day of his life. We want to do something, we don't know what, was the voice of that convention. But that our men have that want is a hopeful sign. We believe the problem will be solved."

A CORRECTION AND SUGGESTION.

By S. M. Freeland.

Many of the writers from California to the Eastern paeprs forget in their use of language upon the Japanese question that the "Pacific Coast" is longer in its stretch upon the great sea than the lines of its greatest state. California opinion is not always the opinion of the Pacific Coast.

We have several thousands of Japanese in Seattle, but I have heard of no complaint from the schools which they attend, and no requests for segregation.

It seems convenient sometimes to make separations by races or bodies of peoples, but when this is done because some members of that race or body of people are unwelcome or unfit for association with the rest of us, we put that whole race or body of people under our ban of unfitness. There is the pinch upon the susceptibilities of a proud people in this school matter. Suppose the San Francisco School Board should say: "All Italians and Russians shall go into a separate school. Many of them are beyond

school age, many are dirty, therefore all shall go by themselves." What then? San Francisco School Board says that to the youth of a nation which feels itself the equal in military and naval power and intellectual force of any nation on the face of the earth, and is fast pushing on to make good its claim, if its conduct of the war with Russia did not show this feeling to be already justified. Is this people to be set aside as a race unfit to associate with Americans.

What is convenient is not always wise and right.. Let the unfit and the unclean go by themselves, but not designated by nationality or color or ancestry.

THE LAST SUNDAY OF THE OLD PASTORATE.

A vague sense of something musical was upon me when I awoke this morning. A moment later it burst into reality—this was to be my "finally brethren" day with the people who had been **my people** in a pastorate of nine years. For the last time, as pastor, I was that day to stand at the familiar pulpit and look into the faces that had grown into my life as a part of it.

I went out into the parsonage yard. Rose-vines that I had planted as slips, covered the front veranda. A choice geranium was blooming freely—how well I remember when it came to us, the gift of a valued friend. Out towards the gate was that delicate hibiscus that is so sensitive to air, with a touch of frost in it, and that I have so often protected when the nights were cold in winter. The neat wire fence—there was a ragged hedge about the church property when I came nine years ago; how fine we felt when the hedge was pulled out, and the dainty fence was set in place of it!

The church building—it has not changed much in its outside appearance since I came, except that it has grown longer and stouter at one end . How we have enjoyed "the addition," with its cozy rooms for Sunday-school classes, prayer meetings and social gatherings! The auditorium—there have been changes there. The same carpet is on the floor, the same seats accomodate the people—I note that the front seats do not look so worn as those behind them. Dear front seats, you have had an easy time of it during these nine years, and sometimes you have been a great trial to me, but it was not your fault. I have sometimes thought of picking you up and taking you back to do the work of the back row, and bringing the back row up to the front that it might rest awhile, but I have never done it. And the organ—it is the same, tried and true,—no, not quite **true** always, for it is growing old, but it has been a faithful friend. But there have been changes in the auditorium. The men and women who "set in the singers' seats," as dear Aunt Prudence used to say, have a new place in which they "set" now. And the pulpit platform has been lowered and quite changed in its size and appearance. And the old oil lamps have given place to the electric lights that respond to the touch of the button, and have never yet failed us during service time, except one Wednesday night, just as we were beginning the prayer meeting. And the walls are covered with paper of a daintier shade than the old, and the wood-work has had a new dress of paint that gives it a thrifty look.

But the **people**—after all, it is the **people** who grip the heart, for it is all for them that we build and cleanse, and plant, and preach, and pray, and spend the forces of our lives. Nine years! Why, A——— was with us then, and B———, and C———. It seems as if it were longer ago than that, that I knew them. Deacon T———, quiet, attentive, faithful man that he was, how we missed him after he left us for "the church on high." And Deacon O———, he seldom missed a service; but one Sunday morning he was not in his usual place at the morning service, and a little later word came that body and spirit had suddenly parted company as he sat in his chair at the table that morning. These young men and young women—some of them I have been marrying to each other as the years have passed, and some of them were only heildren when I came nine years ago. And these faithful women—what helpers they have been! Surely God hath prepared rich blessings for earnest souls that have loved Him and served Him as these women have done! And the little folks—some of them were born since I came, and here they are, boys and girls who are getting well started in school life. Dear Children! I wonder if any other company of youngsters can ever quite take the place they hold in my heart!

But, heart, you and I have a secret. **We** know that as we think of the people we are leaving, there is one group among them that holds the very tenderest place; that grips the very tenderest cords; that we have thought of, and prayed for, and yearned over, and **loved,** more than all the others. They have not known it, they never can realize it, but it is hardest of all to leave **them**—these strong, manly, vigorous men of ours, who are so busy out in the world of affairs; whose ability we have so coveted for the church; who have given some of it, but who have not yet quite caught the force of the Master's words, "Seek ye **first** the kingdom of God and His righteousness." O, men of my heart! When I turn to **you,** and feel the heart-strings snapping, I know what is the keenest of all the pain of parting from this people as their pastor.

God bless you, dear people all, and make His face to shine upon you, that in the coming days the vision of Jesus Christ may grow clearer and clearer before your eyes! W. N. B.

STATE-WIDE ANTI-SALOON MOVEMENT.

Merger of Forces Under Dr. E. S. Chapman, State Superintendent.

The most important step taken by the Anti-Saloon League forces of the State of California was taken when the Southern California League and the Central and Northern California League united. This action was agreed upon by the two Leagues, and has been approved by Dr. P. A. Baker, the National Superintendent of the American Anti-Saloon League. Dr. E. S. Chapman, the hero of many battles, will be Superintendent of the entire State.

Dr. Chapman has just returned from a tour of the United States, which extended over twenty-three States and called for fifty-three addresses in forty of the largers cities. The purpose of this itinerary was the holding of pastors' and temperance workers' conferences, and mass meetings at which Dr. Chapman delivered his famous "Stainless Flag" address. These conferences were attended by pastors of all denominations, many of them having an attendance of from five to six hundred pastors, such as the Chicago

and New York meetings. This great campaign throughout the United States resulted in a resolution being passed by the American Anti-Saloon League, which held its annual convention in St. Louis, Nov. 19-22, seeting apart the last Sunday before the fourth of July, June 30th, as "Stainless Flag Sunday," and winning for Dr. Chapman the reputation of being the foremost temperance orator in the United States today.

Eight years ago, Dr. Chapman was made superintendent of the entire State of California. After three years, the Anti-Saloon League work of the State was divided, and Dr. Chapman was superintendent of the Southern League, the central and northern part of the State being formed into a separate League. It has been deemed wise by the temperance forces of the State to re-unite them, that the Leagues should be merged and under one management. This action will be especially beneficial to Central and Northern California, as we will have the strong financial backing of the Southern League; and "The Searchlight," the official organ of the Southern League, will be the official organ of the California Anti-Saloon League. "The Searchlight" is recognized as the best Anti-Saloon League paper in the country. This merger will also give us, in Central and Northern California, the services, in special campaigns, of the field force of the Southern League, which consists of four field workers of recognized ability in their special lines of work, in addition to the Superintendent. These workers have driven the saloons entirely out of four counties, and out of three-fourths of four other counties which have local option, leaving but one county in the Southern California League where the liquor forces have not felt the heavy hand of the Anti-Saloon League. Rev. R. O. Everhart, formerly assistant superintendent of Illinois, now superintendent of the Syracuse District of New York, will also be added to our field force Jan. 1st. R. W. Tener, attorney and acting superintendent of the Central and Northern California Anti-Saloon League, will continue to devote his entire time to Anti-Saloon League work throughout the State under this new management.

The merging of the two Leagues takes effect January 1st, and one of the most extensive and vigorous campaigns is to be inaugurated throughout the State. Pastors' conferences are to be held in all the large cities, at which Dr. Chapman will be present, and in connection mass meetings will be held at which Dr. Chapman will deliver his famous "Stainless Flag" address. Such a meeting will be held in Oakland, for the pastors of the cities about the Bay, in the near future. R. W. T.

THE IDEAL CHURCH JANITOR.

[Churches perhaps think more about the ideal minister and pastor, and the ideal wife of the minister than they do about ideal janitors. But an ideal janitor, certainly, is something to be desired. We are glad that the subject has been written on by Judson Kempton of Muscatine, Iowa, as it has been. We are indebted to The Standard of Chicago for the article. —Editor.]

I think it is time this subject was touched upon, for I am convinced that one reason why many churches have unsatisfactory janitors is that they lack an ideal. "When there is no vision the people perish." When the people of a congregation conjure up a mental image of the ideal church edifice—temple, cathedral, meeting-house—the way generally opens up for them to secure what they need. When a church sets its heart on the specific type of wingless angels they desire to lead the singing or "furnish the music"—seraphs, archangels, plain angels, a male quartette or a precentor—that type generally materializes. When a couple of the deacons and all the leading sisters finally agree as to what style of young man will make the ideal pastor for their field the church can quite often find a candidate who bears a slight resemblance to the perfect being outlined. But when it comes to appointing a janitor, too often it seems there is no vision and then the people—shall we say perish?—it sounds well, but is really too strong. Let us substitute a weaker but truer expression—the people get cold feet.

But now let me limn the janitor. The printer will take pains to spell that right, for the janitor and I have ever been friends and I would not do him harm. (He would get even with me.)

The ideal janitor will himself have an ideal. As the duty of the modern janitor is to be the housekeeper in the church home it would be best to find a man who has lived in a home that is well kept. It may be humble, but it should be clean, neat and, if possible, tasteful.

The ideal of the ideal janitor will be the spotless church in "Spotless Town." The ideal-less janitor can scarcely bring himself to sweep or "dust" with the feather dust raiser in any part of the church where he cannot see the clock. But the janitor with an ideal and a conscience as he takes his broom, his hot water and damp rag will work with the spirit of those mediaeval stone cutters who carved the old cathedrals:

> "In the elder days of art
> Builders wrought with greatest care,
> Each minute and unseen part;
> For the gods see everywhere."

The ideal janitor will love his church. This implies that he will be a moral man of clean life, a Christian, and a member of the church whose house he cares for. A church has no more business to appoint a profane, immoral or drinking man to be janitor just because he is near at hand and a good stoker than to ordain a fellow to the gospel ministry who is a good talker, but of a harum scarum life. Yet I have known a church to keep a janitor who was a saloon habitue and even to joke about it, and another janitor I knew would gather the larger Sunday-school boys in the basement by the furnace and tell them immoral stories, while the pastor was in the pulpit telling the story of the cross! Beware! If the minister of the word has influence at one end of the church building the janitor is not without influence at the other. This is especially true in the country town, where there is often great carelessness regarding this matter.

The janitor should love his church and its belongings. As the true minister does not think much about his salary, nor count the hours of his working day, but is more solicitous regarding the prosperity of the cause of Christ and of the church he serves, so the true janitor should feel that he is not working merely to please the trustees, or the ladies' aid society, but that he is giving his life or a part of it to God and to the service of Jesus Christ, in the success of whose church his work, rough and grimy though it be, is an impor-

tant factor. When he has trimmed the lamps in the sanctuary he may, like Samuel, have fellowship with God. "I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of the Lord than to dwell in the tents of wickedness."

The ideal janitor should have, or should be capable of acquiring, certain professional qualifications. These vary. In some parts he should be a good snow shoveler and an expert axe-man. In others he should know enough about carpentry to handle a hammer and saw; about electricity to do the right thing when the fuse burns out; about plumbing to keep the pipes from freezing and the church from being flooded if the pipes burst; about stoking to regulate the furnace; about ventilation to change the air without making a draught; about music to ring the bell in churchly fashion; about human nature to keep the hymn-books from being lost and about detective service to cause forgotten umbrellas, dropped handkerchiefs and deserted rubbers to be found.

In England he is called a "care-taker," and that is what he must be. In the Central Baptist Church, of Minneapolis, I saw the man whom I shall remember as the ideal janitor. He was all that I have indicated and more than that, an artist in his work. For instance, in the autumn he would spend a Saturday driving out into the country and gathering autumn leaves and flowers with which to decorate fittingly and in good taste the church that was to him, the janitor, a place of worship.

Finally, the janitor should be honered by the church. In Madison, Wis., a new church edifice was to be dedicated. A former pastor was to preach the sermon and felt highly honored by the invitation. But who was to offer the dedicatory prayer? Until the announcement was made this was kept a secret. There was some curiosity on this point. Would it be this doctor of divinity or that university professor? The janitor, a modest, godly man, was surprised by being asked to come to the front and render this important service. The writer has never heard a more fitting and impresive prayer. Honor the man who cares for God's house. His office is a worthy one.

ACORNS FROM THREE OAKS.

Aloha.

Honor to A Palo Alto Church.

To the Congregational Church of Palo Alto, I think belongs the credit of first, since the cruel outbreak upon the Japanese, showing "the glad hand" of Christians and patriots to the brave brown men who love their country so much, and whom we have taught by our civilization and our missionaries to cherish it as part of their very life. The meeting filled the church. Every member rejoiced. Doctor Jordan did himself honor by his attendance and his speech. The Japanese students of Stanford were eloquent and grateful.

Who Next?

Is there not some sane and patient worker about San Francisco Bay, another at Portland, and others at Seattle and Los Angeles, who can focalize the strong sensible and Christian protest against un-Christian and unkind exclusion acts against these unoffending citizens whom we have, with great ceremony and urgency, publicly invited to come and live among us?

There are many in all our churches who see the inconsistency of sending the word of God's Fatherhood and Christ's Brotherhood to foreign brethren and then treating them like devils when they get here. The agriculturists of the state have protested respectfully against San Francisco's hostile attitude and claimed the industrial necessity of welcoming men who will work. I know that the fruit interests of this great state require the patient Oriental. Having proved it personally on a small scale I believe the fair and just statement of large and distinguished agriculturists.

This don't mean that importations of gangs of Orientals, practically peons or slaves, are desirable. Law properly forbids that. It seems to this scribe that Andrew Carnegie's word is pretty sane sense. "Any man who has sense enough to want to come, sand enough to push his way here, and coin enough to pay his fare is likely to be a useful citizen." Nor would any wise rally of philanthropists crowd grown up Orientals on the same benches with young American girls. We do not want, save in very exceptional cases, that adults of any sex or nationality shall crowd juvenile departments. School boards in any community are bound to protect the moral and physical well being of school children. A conference of all fair friends of foreigners might, by full and patient discussion, by sound resolution, and discreet organization bring light on the vexed questions agitating our communities, particularly our cities. President Roosevelt ought to be endorsed in his broad philanthropy and splendid Americanism.

We do not want our Eastern friends to think we are all color-haters on this beautiful coast. The noble stand of The Pacific would be endorsed by any wise and humane convention.

Work For Young Historians.

Meanwhile will not some young historians whom these patriotic lines may reach, search out and set in their historical and picturesque relations the steps by which "America, the land of the free and the home of the brave" first brought foreigners to our shores. Negros, Chinamen, Japanese, have not thrust themselves here. By our robbery in the case of the negros, by urgent diplomatic entreaty in the case of the Japanese and the Chinese, they are here, and more want to come.

When a college boy at Yale I heard the eloquent Anson G. Burlingame tell of his embassy to China, when he made, as he was instructed to do, a treaty with China by which Chinese were invited to cast in their lot with the land which needed their plodding industry. As a child I say the first Chinese junk which sailed into New York. I did not fall in love with the Chinaman. But I did fall in love with the flag of my country. I wish it might be stainless of all injustice and of all insult to our nation's guest. I heard the cry "foreign devil" in China and trembled lest they revenge on me the bitter insults I have seen heaped on unoffending Orientals here.

With a hearty Happy New Year to all comrade readers of our beloved Pacific, and an entreaty that every pulpit will flame for fair play, and every foreign missionary society will plead for kindness to the foreigners already among us, I send this little cluster of acorns, which may the Divine Gardner make fruitful in the evil of human hearts.

Saratoga.

"THE STRANGER THAT IS WITHIN THY GATES."

By Mrs. James Hazlett.

(A paper read at the meeting of the San Francisco Association of Congregational Churches, Dec, 20, 1906,)

Years ago in some parts of the older countries, the good minister preaching a sermon nearly two hours in length, would divide that sermon into the following heads: firstly, secondly, thirdly, fourthly, lastly, finally, and in conclusion. The subject to be considered now will be dided into only two heads: "The Value of the Stranger", and "How to Reach Him;" and we will consider the stranger who is not a Christian; a person who believes the church ought to exist, who even believes, perhaps, in the Savior, but who has not affiliated himself with the visible body of Christ.

Let us note the part of the fourth commandment in which our subject appears: "But the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor the stranger that is within thy gates. The first thought in connection with the stranger that suggests itself is that he, no matter what his religion, nationality or station in life was on a level with the master on the Sabbath day;—"thou, nor thy stranger shalt not do any work." There is at least one day in the week when caste is to be eliminated. Permeate this thought of the stranger of the old dispensation, through and through with the love of Christ of the new dispensation, and what a high ideal we have to which we may live! How dwelleth the love of God in us, if we make not the stranger to have as comfortable and an as "at home" a feeling in our churches as we members enjoy?

Let us take a workingman stranger as one type of the visitor we often entertain. I say often entertain because I believe the workingman forms a large per cent of the Sabbath congregations, not to speak of the numbers who may be found upon the church rolls. Is he of value to the church, and if so, to what extent? He is of great value. The ideal workingman must face the problems of his little world with good hard common sense. This makes him practical. He has had to fight for his rights in some instances, and in other instances there has been no fight, but a most sympathetic and amicable adjustment of affairs between himself and his employer. If these amicable adjustments were as generally known as the settlements by strikes, perhaps we would concede that the capital and labor problem is being solved in a more beautiful way than that with which it is usually credited. The member of the union supports that union well financially. He patronizes only white labor, even if it costs him more, because he is willing to give his brother as broad a chance at a good living as he himself enjoys. As a rule he is free with his money, or rather the money of which he is steward. And so when he comes to us a stranger and has finally been taken into the church home as a member of the household, we find him a ready and substantial giver. He appreciates keenly that a church like any other organization must be conducted on business principles and that no business can be on a firm basis without funds. Too practical and not spiritual do you say? No. When a man draws his purse strings wide open it is a good sign that the heart strings have been touched by the divine Master Musician. I make this argument for the workingman, because the opinion seems to be prevalent that he is not to be found to any extent in the church.

And this divine music of giving is sounded just as truly from the heart of the capitalist and from the soul of the business man as from the lowlier instrument. By virtue of their training the stranger capitalist and the business man proves of incalculable value to the church. From. their ranks may be drawn the trustees of the society. Then, too, they will fill the high office of deacon with the dignity, and sincerity and devotion that that calling demands. And the college bred man. Is there a field of work for him? He may easily be won to the Sunday-school work, to the Endeavor Society, and to the ranks of the young men workers that the wise pastor gathers about himself. To know the value of these men is one thing, but to be sure of the way to win them is a more difficult problem. It requires tact; and how many of us lack that quality, and indeed take very little or no pains to cultivate it? The only way to reach the stranger is to have the heart so full of the love of Christ that at the least approach, a spark of interest will be kindled between the two personalities. If when we are introduced to a stranger we could keep our minds on the conversation then being engaged in, try to remember what his interests are, and speak of them in some way on our next meeting him, instead of being in a hurry to speak with some member with whom it is easy to be one's self, we would accomplish much more for the stranger. It is right and beautiful that we should have the fellowship of souls dear to us, but for that very reason we ought to be willing to forego our own pleasure sometimes, and draw one more into the magic circle. And, after all, what "thank have we" if we always claim the fellowship where we keep drawing for our own gain, instead of giving of ourselves for the gain of one who perhaps is longing for just the sympathetic friendly word that we can give? In his description of the last judgment, Christ says: "I was a stranger and ye took me in." I think we have not given the "ye" of this verse the relative value it should have. Read it: "I was a stranger and ye took me in," and immediately it becomes personal. You and I are to take the stranger into our personal time, our personal interest, yes and our personal prayers.

I wonder if the men of our churches take the interest in men strangers that they ought to, or whether they leave that for the pastor and his wife to do, or for some good motherly soul, thinking within themselves that such social work is for the women to do. The women, I feel, would be glad to interest this stranger in the activities of the church, but he certainly should first be approached by one who ought to thoroughly understand how to treat men. We do not ask the men to do what we consider our work with those of our own sex, but, indeed we need not, for woman is generally acredited with being able to talk enough for herself and for a few others besides. At least some of our husbands are prone to think that way, and bless their hearts, they certainly have cause—sometimes. Then when the man has spoken to the stranger, he should see that he is introduced as generally as possible. Of course this cannot be accomplished in one casual meeting, but see to it that it does not end in a casual meeting. Watch for your man at the next service and make it a point to speak with him. A plan that has been tried and that has given results is to give the stranger a visiting card. This opens the way for you to ask for his address. Do not trust to your memory, but jot it down. Now. you see, you have a means of reaching him. When there is some special service or a social gathering write a kindly note inviting him to be present. Do not trust to his hearing the announcement from the pulpit. Back your pastor's general invitation by your personal one, and mean it, and you have as good as caught your man. It may take time for this leaven of interest to rise, but do not throw away the effort you have already made; just add a little more leaven and—wait.

Now, as to the woman stranger. What is her value? If she is a teacher in our public schools, her value cannot be estimated, because she is ready and trained to take interest in the Sunday-school work. If she has means at her command, she will give of them lavishly; if she has not, she will consider no sacrifice too great to give all she possibly can for the furthering of the Kingdom. You will find woman ready to accept out of a full heart the plan of tithe giving. And who can measure the weight and devotion of the woman stranger's prayers and sympathy? It is easy, perhaps, for the woman member to approach this stranger because there are the women's meetings to which she can invite the visitor. Then, too, it is more within woman's domain to call during the week, and this makes an easy means of access. In this case also, the address of the stranger is a valuable thing to have, and the plan already suggested should be carried out.

A case came under my own observation in which it was believed that a young couple would eventually join the church, but a dreadful disaster came, and it is presumed that these good people returned to their Eastern home. If they never affiliate themselves with the church of Christ, this we can feel certain of, they carried away a beautiful memory and the convincing fact that the church cared for them as strangers—as individuals. A case quite the opposite to this was once sadly noted. It was when a stranger happened to be shown into a pew that never received strangers (more's the pity). The coldness with which the lady was eyed must have made her feel like an intruder. If the stranger was a Christian, perhaps she overlooked this fault, but if she was not, it is very probable that she went away from that service with one more argument

against the church. What effect do you suppose the best sermon that could ever be preached would have on a soul disturbed by such a discourtesy?

If members do not wish to be kind to the stranger for the stranger's sake, then I wish they would be kind for the pastor's sake, and above all, for the sake of the exalted name they bear. I admit this last instance is an exception to the rule, as it ought to be. But do you know, indifference sometimes produces nearly as bad results? How many of us are utterly indifferent to the stranger even if he is in our own pew. Do we try to speak to the visitor and show at least a faint interest in him? In a sense we who are members of a church are hosts and hostesses, and the little courtesy that costs us just a little palpitating of the heart, may be greatly appreciated by the stranger. But you say within yourself, I may be repulsed by a cold reply, or no reply at all. Even if you are, do not mind. I would rather speak and be repulsed, than not speak and perhaps lose one of my greatest opportunities for service. And again let me emphasize that If our hearts are so filled with Christ's love, we cannot meet with any unkindness in this connection, for He will draw that soul unto Himself through us, and He can never fail. Then, too, you may say that you never **could** speak to a stranger. Very well; then you can put the atmosphere of love about the stranger and make it easier still for the one who does the speaking. The point is, do you care about the stranger? Is it in your heart to be kind to him? If it really is, it cannot help but show in your face. Then, too, if you cannot speak to the stranger **first,** what is your attitude toward him after the formal introduction? Christ demands that your one talent of conversation be put out to gain unto itself its double, as well as that your sister and brother put out their five talents. See to it, that thou bury not thy them other five talents. See to it, that thou bury not thy talent. It may be, nay, it cannot help but be that you will help a soul to say, "Now, therefore, I am no more a stranger and a foreigner, but a fellow citizen with the saints and of the household of God."

What is a clique? It is a small exclusive party or set associated for a common purpose, usually a selfish or unworthy one. There ought not to be cliques in any church or Endeavor Society, but if you find them in your church, set your young people and your older people to paying attention to the strangers within thy gates, and this selfish thing will fall of itself.

What attention do we pay the stranger at our social gatherings? There is an easy and helpful way if we would do a little planning beforehand. A chairman of a social committee under whom it was my good fortune to serve, herself would introduce a stranger to one of her committee, and that committeeman was not to leave the stranger until she in her turn had introduced him to another Endeavorer, and had left him in good hands for a social chat. By that time others would probably be joined to the circle in which the stranger found himself, and the first one who then made his acquaintance was held responsible for the pleasure and further introduction of the visitor, and so on down the line. In this way the first introducer in each case had done his or her duty and was free to enjoy complete relaxation in a pleasant evening. Not that the Endeavorer must necessarily forget that the stranger ever existed, for a good member would not do that, but the method part of the work was over.

I trust that out of the discussion to follow this paper we may find methods that will be of real value along this line, for a great work lies before the churches in our city just at this time. In the burned districts strangers will form a large part of the congregations, while in the unburned portions of the city, they will be found to a very great extent because the personnel of these parts has been changed almost altogether. What is to be our attitude toward these good people? And by "our" I mean we members. Will you and I listen and heed the call of the Master to pluck the fruit that is ripe and ready to harvest, and bring at least one precious stranger soul into the realization of His love and joy and peace?

Keep in touch with God. The reason we falter, and stumble, and fail in religious experience, is because we fail in holding secret communion. Jesus was never out of touch with the Father. We need the power that comes from prayer infinitely more than He did.

THE NEW YEAR'S COVENANT.

If thou wilt walk, O Father, by my side
Along the climbing pathway of the year,
In lowland mist, through forest gloom, on radiant height,
I will not fear.

No man can harm me but myself. Gray ghosts
All vanish in faith's dawn. What I must do,
I can. And Death? He is but doorkeeper to Life.
I will not fear.

I will be true—
True to myself, that thought of thine in flesh
To be made perfect; true to man, to thee,
O God. Keep me, lest I prove false to one and all.
I will be true.

I will be free;
Free not apart from law but in thy law:
For perfect freedom in obedience lies,
Not in the petulance of childish wilfulness:
I will be free.

I will be wise.
I am Life's pupil. Earth's my schoolroom,
Babe and sage my teachers, thrush's song
And glint of star my mood; yon cliff, rose, brook, my books.
I will be wise.

I will be strong.
Burdens are muscle-makers; tests wake powers,
And weariness well won brings happy balm.
'Tis fretful, coward weakness saps our strength and kills.
I will be strong.

I will be calm.
The age's worry never stirred a leaf,
I'll drown mine deep, then, in a sea of trust,
On which my care-freed soul shall sail in quietness.
I will be calm.

I will be just.
I know so little of myself, of men,
Of life. Shall I interpret harshly? Bind
And loose as in the seat of God? Bend low, O soul.
I will be just.

I will be kind.
To bird and beast, to friend and foe alike—
A priest of joy. O churl, to make aught sad.
Better unborn than leave a crawling trail of woe.
I will be kind.

I will be glad,
Glad of the whole of life. Bitter rue
And fragrant thyme are good. Serpent and dove
Thou madest. Let me drink Life's cup, not sip its foam.
I will be glad.

I will be Love;
Not loving merely, but Love's very self,
That gives its life to do while others prate
Of doing, and grows Christlike 'neath the dross of Man.
I will be Love.

I will be great;
Not in my littleness, nor in the mouth
Of men, but in my work and spirit. Must
I fret if Fame doffs not its cap? Use me, O God.
I will be great.

I will? I—dust?
Nay, I said, if. And yet there is no if
With God. All's mine if I will take the if's
With me. I can do all, be all, attain the Christ.
I will—with God.

Then walk, O Father, daily by my side
Along the climbing pathway of the year;
For so I shall clasp hands with Love and Power.
And shall not fear.

—Henry Hallam Tweedy.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

At the Christmas time the Rev. W. T. Patchell of San Jose was the recipient of a beautiful gold watch and chain in the purchase of which all the members of the church had part. This watchful regard of the San Jose people for their pastor marks one of the happy occasions of a happy pastorate.

The Southern California Association committee for fair treatment of the Asiatics has sent petitions to the Rev. O. W. Lucas of 2409 Carlton street, Berkeley for circulation in the Northern part of the state. Thousands of signatures have been secured in Southern California. As stated in our editorial two weeks ago there is nothing to be objected to in these petitions, and it is to be hoped that they will come to the attention of many people in this part of the state, and receive a large number of signatures.

The Rev. William Rader is holding a Sunday morning service now in the Colonial Theater on McAllister street near Jones, San Francisco. The Colonial is artistically furnished, has a seating capacity of 1000, and is a pleasant place for service. It has been engaged for this purpose permanently. In order to have time for the proper conduct of this work Mr. Rader has laid aside some of the editorial work he was doing on The Bulletin, he having been for several months the principal editorial writer. He continues to write signed editorials several times a week. The religious work of which he is the head is supported by contributions made regularly by the envelope system. The attendance is good, and there is no doubt that Mr. Rader is therein doing excellent service for the upbuilding of the kingdom of Christ. His sermons always make for righteousness.

Saratoga Church. This church had its annual meeting the day after Christmas. Although the day was so stormy that the annual banquet was postponed until New Years Eve, a fair congregation assembled to attend to church business. Every department of the church work was represented, mostly by written reports. A healthful activity prevailed in all. In benevolences the report showed an increase in all directions. Every apportionment had been overrun. The benevolent schedule was put into the hands of a committee for reapportionment, which means enlargement. By unanimous vote a hundred dollars was added to Pastor Merrill's salary. Even the horses share in the general prosperity. The old time, leaky, outworn sheds have just been removed and twelve new ones erected, which will be a comfort to faithful beasts and a credit to their owners. Saratoga has never had a better year.

In times of peril, when the soul is filled with terror, Isaiah bids them flee to their chambers and pour out their souls in secret to God. Jesus says this should be the normal practice of His followers. He retired to the solitudes of the Mount of Olives, realizing that to be unseen to men is a help to communion with Him who is unseen to them. It is not the place, however, that God regards, but the heart and the motive. It is useless to go into the closet, or to any other place, if God does not enter with us. Hush the heart into the solemn consciousness of the presence of God, and let the highest human faculties, thought, feeling, desire, love, have perfect sway. True prayer requires the continual help of the Holy Spirit of God.

The Home.

IT MATTERS MUCH.

It matters little where I was born,
Or if my parents were rich or poor;
Whether they shrank from the cold world's scorn,
Or walked in the pride of wealth secure;

But whether I live an honest man,
And hold my integrity firm in my clutch,
I tell you, my brother, as plain as I can,
It matters much!

It matters little how long I stay
In a world of sorrow, sin and care,
Whether in youth I am called away,
Or live till my bones and pate are bare;
But whether I do the best that I can
To soften the weight of adversity's touch
On the faded cheek of my fellow-man,
It matters much!

It maters little where be my grave,
Or on the land or on the sea,
By purling brook or 'neath stormy wave,
It matters little or naught to me;
But whether the angel of death comes down
And marks my brow with loving touch,
As one that shall wear the victor's crown,
It matters much!

A GROWING EVIL.

The girls and young women of this city are novel readers, says the Kansas City Star.

Eight of every ten books taken from the public library, by young women, are the lightest, silliest and trashiest kind of fiction.

"The novel reading habit among young women is increasing at an alarming rate," says the librarian. "Ten years ago the per cent of novels taken out of this library by young women was only three in ten. Now it is eight in ten. I think that is disgraceful."

'What is there wrong or injurious about it?"she was asked.

"Well, there are no really bad books upon the fiction shelves accessible to young women. We scan each book before we put it in. But the habit of reading this trash is ruinous to the intellect. Young women say to me:

"I can't remember a word of what I read last week, but I must have another to read."

"Reading this trash is a sinful waste of time; it has a weakening effect upon character and develops in the girl's mind a flippant view of life and a loose habit of thought. Novel reading is the crying sin of the age

'Let's take a look at the class of stuff on these fiction shelves most popular with our young women," continued the librarian.

She took down the first seven books in a row on the shelf. They were new, had just come from the book store and had been tagged and placed there. Here is the list of titles:

Danny, The Undefiled, The Story of a New York Working Girl, The Master Spirit, The Queen's Hostage, The Corner House, Joseph Vance, etc.

'Now there, in that first seven books is not one I ever heard of, and I never before heard the name of one of those seven authors That's the sort of wishy

washy stuff the future mothers of this city are reading. These light love stories are not always pure. They are too loose for young women to read. Fifteen years ago the mothers of this city would have been horrified if their daughters read this kind of trash or if they went to a theatre where they could see the spectacles presented nightly now. I do'nt know what we are coming to."

The librarian recently asked the teachers in the public schools to inquire of the pupils and make report of what they were reading outside of the books they took out of the library. The result showed that boys and girls under 12 years of age read practically the same class of books. After 12 years the boys take to reading books about mechanics, and stories of adventure, travel and history. But the girls over 12 years of age drifted into the reading of novels and love tales.

Girls under 18 are not permitted to take books of fiction from the public library, but they get around the rule by drawing books upon the green cards of adult members of the family. Each member of a family may have a card. Often a girl will leave the library with a dozen books under her arms. A young woman over 18 is entitled to the same book privileges as any woman.

In one school not one girl pupil in the seventh grade, including girls over 14 years had read a single book except light fiction and the list included:

Driven From Home, The Hidden Hand, Lady Audley's Secret, Lovers Once, but Strangers Now, Woman Against Woman, Under Two Flags, Peck's Bad Boy, Another Man's Wife, Off With the Old Love, Little coquette Bonny, Another Woman's Husband, A Siren's Love, Estelle's Millionaire Lover, A Wasted Love, Beautiful, but Poor, For a Woman's Honor, Wedded for an Hour, The Trials of an Actress.

In the public library are over 80,000 books, the best collection in any Western city; 8,000 are novels.

In the library years of 1904-05 there were 14,448 novels taken out. In the library year of 1905-06 there were 16,889 novels taken out, an increase of 2,441.

WOMAN AND WORRY.

"How bright and charming she is," a visitor remarked of a neighbor who had run "in" for a chat with her hostess. "She is as refreshing as a west wind."

"She's always that way," the hostess returned. "You would'nt imagine, would you, that she had a sister who is a hopeles invalid, and that now her father has got to go to the hospital for a very serious operation? I don't know how they will get along if anything should happen to him. I should be wild with anxiety; but you saw how she took it. Ellen never was a worrier."

"I should think she'd be a joy in a sick-room," the friend said.

"I suppose she is—I know she does everything for poor Susie—only—well, of course it does no good to worry, but you feel as if one who does'nt must be lacking in sympathy. I suppose it is a foolish idea, but you can't help feeling so."

The attitude is a common one; every woman will recognise it. We all agree without hesitation to those perennial and most excellent treatises which declare that worry is a stealthy foe of all health, mental moral, and physical, a barrier to all success, whether material or spiritual, a chain, a clog, a poison.

Worry, we know, is all this and more. Nobody has discovered any good in it, yet few of us are brave enough to resist it, because—it seems heartless not to worry! In some curious fashion worry and love are so inextricably entwined in the feminine consciousness that the average woman feels it impossible to uproot the one without injuring the other.—Youth's Companion.

The Quiet Hour.

THE LAW OF LOVE.

"Make channels for the streams of love
Where they may broadly run;
And love has overflowing streams
To fill them every one.

But if at any time we cease
Such channels to provide,
The very founts of love for us
Will soon be parched and dried.

For we must share, if we would keep
That blessing from above;
Ceasing to give we cease to have—
Such is the Law of Love."

CHRIST'S NEED OF US.

By Rev. Theodors L. Cuyler, D.D.

That we need the Lord Jesus Christ is a religious axiom that certainly no Christian will dispute. But it is equally true that, in order to the fulfillment of his glorious scheme of the world's redemption, he needs all of us who profess to be his people. Jesus Christ is our proprietor; all that we pretend to own is only a lease from him, and to be used not for self, but in his service. We do not even own ourselves, "in fee simple." We are bought with the price of Christ's precious atoning blood, therefore are to glorify him with our bodies and our souls, our time, our money and our influence.

There is a sidelight thrown upon this important truth by the little incident that occurred before our Lord's remarkable entry into Jerusalem. He sends two of his disciples into the village of Bethphage with certain explicit instructions. "Go your way into the village over against you; in which, as ye enter, ye shall find a colt tied whereon no man ever yet sat; loose him and bring him." Their omniscient Master predicts not only just where the beast will be found, but that they will be asked, "Why do ye loose the colt?" The sufficient answer was to be, "The Lord hath need of him." That was the claim which they were to present.

Sagacious old Matthew Henry (the prince of practical comentators) remarks that our Saviour "went to sea in a borrowed boat, rode on a borrowed colt, and was buried in a borrowed sepulchre." It seems presumptuous to dissent from any of Henry's bright expressions, but there is an important sense in which our Lord never "borrowed" anything. He had supreme ownership. The Father had given all things into his hands. He owned the sea, and commanded it to be quiet at his bidding; he put even the fish in

the sea under tribute when he told Peter to go and get one with a half-shekel in its mouth. He owned the trees, and smote a fig tree with perpetual barrenness when it was playing impostor. He owned the Temple, and scourged out the sacrilegious hucksters who were turning it into a house of merchandise. That ass's colt was really Christ's property; he required it for his own use, and was only asserting his sovereign claim when he aid that he "had need" of it.

Jesus Christ describes himself under the figure of a Shepherd coming to seek and to save his wandering sheep. That the poor, forlorn vagrants needed the Shepherd's restoring love, and needed to be brought back, and fed, and sheltered, is very true. It is equally true that the Divine Shepherd had need of his flock; his infinite heart of love could only be satisfied by their recovery. A sick child requires a mother's care, but still more does the mother's heart require the darling of her love. If heaven would not be heaven to us were Jesus not there, neither would it be such a heaven as Jesus desires if a multitude of redeemed souls were not there also to chant his praise. Reverently be it said that the glorified Redeemer needs us in his many mansions, or else he could not "see of the travail of his soul and be satisfied." That was the joy set before him, for which he endured the cross and bore all its shame and agonies.

The true idea which every Christian should keep in mind is that he does not own himself. Christ owns us, and has a perfect right to put us just where he chooses, and to demand of us just what he wants. He has a right to the firstlings of the flock, to the brightest sons and daughters of our families. The best brains and highest culture are none too good for his service. If his pulpits and his mission fields need them, then in God's name let them not be confiscated to mere money-making or office-seeking or earthly ambitions of any kind.

What we call our property really belongs to Christ; we only surrender to him his own when we pour it into his treasury. Jesus has the first claim—a claim to the best—and is not to be put off with the candle-ends and the cheese-parings. Is this great principle acknowledged by those church members who squander their thousands on fine houses and equipage, and then dribble out stingily what "they can afford" (!) to him who has purchased for them an eternal salvation? Ah, let such remember that they cannot afford to rob their loving Master of what is his own. It is no sin to have money, but it is a sin to let money have us. If we put the chest of gold on our own shoulders, it may crush us into selfishness and ruin; if we put it under our feet, it may lift us up to usefulness and the smile of our approving Lord. How much of my time and money and talents does Jesus Christ need? That is the way that Christians should look at the matter.

This supreme ownership by Jesus Christ allows him to take away from us whatever he will and when he will. A beloved and eloquent young minister—a Summerfield, a MacCheyne, a Nott, a Dudley Tyng—is called away to heaven, and a bereaved church wonders why they are bereft. "The Lord hath need of them" somewhere else. That is enough. He puts his own where he needs them most. He gives us the discipline that we most require. Then, good friends, if our Divine Lord once had need of a little bit of a beast in Jerusalem, let us comfort ourselves with the thought that he puts honor on such humble creatures as we are when he condescends to use us or ours for his blessed service.

Young People.

HOW HAZEL SHOPPED.

Hazel lived in Atlantic City, where the sand is always beautiful and white, where the merry-go-rounds whirl all the year, and the shops are filled with treasure from all the world. Of course there are grocery stores and butcher shops, too, and Hazel went with her mother to these every morning to market. Hazel, watching mother's process, decided that shopping was made up of three things: First, lists had to be made out; second,shops had to be visited and selections made; third, the goods had to be sent home C. O. D. She decided that some day she would do some shopping on her own account.

One day shortly before Christmas mother went to Philadelphia, and then Hazel proposed to carry out her plan. Norah had said she might play on the sidewalk, but Hazel went down the cross street toward the broad walk.

She knew just where to go, and straightway made for a Japanese curio store. There was a life-sized Japanese doll in the window, and Hazel longed for that particular doll for weeks. Mother had told her to wait for Christmas, for perhaps Santa Claus would have one for her just like it, and Japanese twins of such size would be very troublesome; but while Hazel's faith in Santa Claus was firm, she felt that a doll in her house was worth half a dozen in Santa Claus' work-shop 'way up North, so into the shop she went. The polite Jap who came forward to wait upon her smiled at her when she asked the price of the doll, pointing to it in the window.

"Five dollars," he replied.

"Five dollars" repeated Hazel. Isn't that a lot of money?"

"Not for such a big dolly," said the Jap.

"Well, I'll take it," said Hazel. Please send it C.O.D. to Mrs. G.W.Steele, Pennsylvania Avenue."

The shopkeeper knew the child, and knew that her father had plenty of money, so he said:

"All right, little missy, I'll send it this afternoon."

"Not till after six,"commanded his business-like customer. Mother always sent her C.O.D. packages that way, and Hazel felt that "after six" was a necessary part of the proceedings.

The next booth was where sea shells made up in various articles were sold. These Hazel had always thought were the most beautiful things in the world. She knew mother didn't care for them, but her mind instantly flew to Mrs Halloran, their washerwoman. Mrs Halloran had seven children and a husband who abused her. That handsome red pincushion would be a great comfort to her, thought Hazel, and would make even the tumble-down, untidy shanty that the Halloran's called home quite splendid.

After that she bought a necklace for mother, a pair of gold spectacles for Tony, the furnace man, a lace collar for Norah, and a lot of other things, including toys for all the children in the neighborhood. Then, her shopping finished, she started homeward, while visions of her purchases danced through her

head. Wouldn't everybody be surprised!

Mother did not get home in time for dinner, so Hazel and papa sat down alone. They chatted pleasantly together until ding-a-ling-a-ling went the door-bell. Hazel's heart thumped as Norah came in with a package, saying, "Five dollars, Mr. Steele." She knew by the shape that the package contained her own big Japanese doll.

"All right," said papa, handing Norah the money. "Put the package in Mrs. Steele's room."

"Ding-a-ling-a-ling" went the bell again. "Ten dollars and a half," said Norah, coming in with another package.

"Mother must have been busy today," said Mr. Steele, as another ring brought another package. This time he had to get his check-book. "Whew!" he whistled, "mother will break me up."

Here Hazel's conscience began to twinge.

"Papa," she said, from behind the fern dish, "that package isn't mother's. It's mine. I bought it for her."

"Oh, you did!" said papa, looking surprised enough to satisfy even Hazel. "And the other things—are they yours, too?"

"Yes," said Hazel. "I shopped by myself today. I've bought something nice for everybody I know. Of course I didn't have enough money, so I sent everything C. O. D., just like mother does."

"Well, upon my word," said papa, "you'll do! Do you expect me to pay for them all?"

"Of course," said Hazel, "Isn't that what C. O. D. meant? I heard mother say once it meant 'call on dad,' you're my dad, arn't you?"

"Ha? ha! ha!" shouted papa. "Call on dad! And so it does—poor dad! But I tell you what we'll do, Tot. This shall be our surprise and our secret, yours and mine. Mother and Santa Claus shan't have all the secrets themselves. We'll hide our packages until Christmas Eve. Perhaps you had better show me what you have bought, so we can understand better just where we are."

Before mother got back the gifts were all stowed safely away, and then papa took his litle girl on his knee and talked to her very seriously. He told her she must never again buy anything without permission, and that to buy things without having money was very wicked. He was so grave that Hazel almost felt that she had been very naughty. His kiss, though, was very loving when she went to bed, so she made up her mind that shopping C. O. D. was one of the things that are all right for grown-ups, but all wrong for children.—Adapted from Washington Star.

NEVER LOSE TOUCH WITH HOME.

The restraints of home, the atmosphere of the home will be needed in the emergencies of life. Cherish the memory and the lessons of the old home.

Take time to communicate freely and frequently with those at home. Never allow the cable that binds the heart to the home to be slipped. There are many American institutions of which we have reason to be proud and jealous. Chief among them stands the home. We ought to look with suspicion on everything that has a tendency to weaken home ties or destroy the sacredness of home. The college is good. Other institutions where young people are intimately associated together may be excellent. But when they begin to make one think less of his home and care less for its fellowship, they are exerting an evil influence which must be counteracted in some way or there will be a wreck.

Be loyal to every right relation, but be loyal especially to your home . Better be without education than without the home spirit. Better never enter upon a grand career than lose touch with home. Better lose all other good things in the world than lose the benediction of home life.

"My son, thou wilt dream the world is fair,
And thy spirit will sigh to roam.
And thou must go, but never, when there,
Forget the light of home.

"Though pleasure may smile with a ray more bright,
It dazzles to lead astray;
Like meteor's flash, 'twill deepen the night
When treading thy lonely way.

"But the hearth of home has a constant flame,
And pure as vestal fire—
'Twill burn, 'twill burn, forever the same
For nature feeds the pyre."

According to the exchanges it is not improbable that this nation's Chief Executive will be the champion of reform in the Congo Free State. This is as it should be. No nation is more competent to put an end to those horrible brutalities than is ours, and no man more calculated to go to the bottom of these shameful evils than is our fearless and peerless Roosevelt.

The Constitutional Convention held in Guthrie, Okla., recently, adopted the following as the basic law of Oklahoma, to wit. "Invoking the guidance of almighty God in order to secure and perpetuate the blessings of liberty, to secure just and rightful government, and to promote our mutual welfare and happiness, we, the people of the State of Oklahoma, do ordain and establish this constitution."

With the dawn of the new year comes the possible birth of the new French Republic. Intense has been the struggle between papal and government authority over the citizenship of France—between stupid submission to church domination and civic liberty. As the former is held in subjection through ignorance, it must give way before the light and truth of Christian liberty. Victory here for civic liberty means victory for papal subjects throughout the whole world and a doom to Catholicism.

America is the asylum for the whole world. She throws wide her doors and invites all to become fellowcitizens with her people and of the household of Aemircan faith. 1,000,175 aliens immigrated to our country during the year 1906. It might be interesting to note what a "tempest in the teapot" has been created by the Japanese school question in San Francisco, when it is found that of this more than a million aliens coming to our shores, only about 14,000 are from Japan, and one-third of that number stopped off on our Hawaiian Islands, making those American possessions their adopted home. Such a small representation from a foreign country should not call forth so much talk. There is danger of hurting the "little brown man" by thus making so much of him.

Two Great Spellers.

The shades of Noah Webster and of Josh Billings, reclining on a fleecy cloud, received the news by celestial wire.

"Triumf! Triumf!" cried Billings exultantly. 'Prezident Rozevelt haz ordered that the nu speling must be uzed in al ofishial despatches and komunicashuns. This is the beginning of the end. Only a little wile now and my speling will be uzed. But wy do yu weep, Noa?"

"I grieve when I reflect that by one fell stroke of his pen Mr. Roosevelt has decapitated millions of dipthongs," answered Mr. Webster, wiping his eyes.

"Oh, cheer up," retorted Billings. "Be consoled bi the thought that after the fonetic alterashuns sanctshuned by the Prezident your dikshonary will be a more unabridged than ever."

"But there is my old friend, double P." moaned Webster. "He is gone."

"I'll ask Andru Karnage to hav him decently intered," said Billings, rather sympathetically. "Around the grave wil be asembled Brander Mathuz & al the lerned skolars hu are komited hart & sole to the nu code. Dry yur i's, Noa."—New York World.

"Do you believe in the survival of the fittest?"

"Well," answered Senator Sorghum, "I suppose I am like most people in that respect. My opinion depends a good deal on how fit I happen to be feeling myself."—Washington Star.

"It is said that the Emperor Constantine had a thousand cooks. Most remarkable, eh?"

"That depends. At once, or during his lifetime?"—Pittsburg Post.

Bella—Prof. Muggins tells me that the first principle of Socialism is to divide with your fellowman.

Tom—Not as I understand it. On the contrary, the first principle of Socialism is to induce your fellowman to divide with you.—Ex.

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